

Be excellent to each other

SPRING 2019  
VOL 9  
ISSUE 3

FREE



THE EYE

PRIZE INSIDE



## COVER & PRIZE BY SOPHIA COOK

DEAREST FRIENDS,

HERE WE GO AGAIN!

BACK IN SCHOOL FOR THE SPRING SEMESTER! FOR SOME OF US IT IS OUR FIRST SEMESTER AND FOR SOME OF US IT WILL BE OUR LAST, BUT IT IS ONLY THE BEGINNING EITHER WAY.

THANK YOU ALL FOR SUBMITTING AND MAKING THE EYE POSSIBLE, WE COULD NOT DO IT WITHOUT YOU. THIS IS AN EXCITING ISSUE, WE RECIEVED MORE WRITING SUBMISSIONS THAN EVER BEFORE, SO SIT BACK AND ENJOY THE READ.

I HOPE EVERYONE IS OFF TO A GOOD START THIS SEMESTER, IS INSPIRED, FEELS SUPPORTED, HEARD, AND LOVED.

BELIEVE AND LISTEN TO YOUR FRIENDS! TAKE CARE OF ONE ANOTHER! KEEP EACHOTHER SAFE!

IT IS A CONFUSING AND TOUGH TIME IN THE WORLD BUT TOGETHER WE CAN MAKE SOMETHING BEAUTIFUL, JUST KEEP TURNING THESE PAGES.

## THIS IS A NEWSPAPER

WITH LOVE,

SOPHIE ROSE APPEL

EDITOR

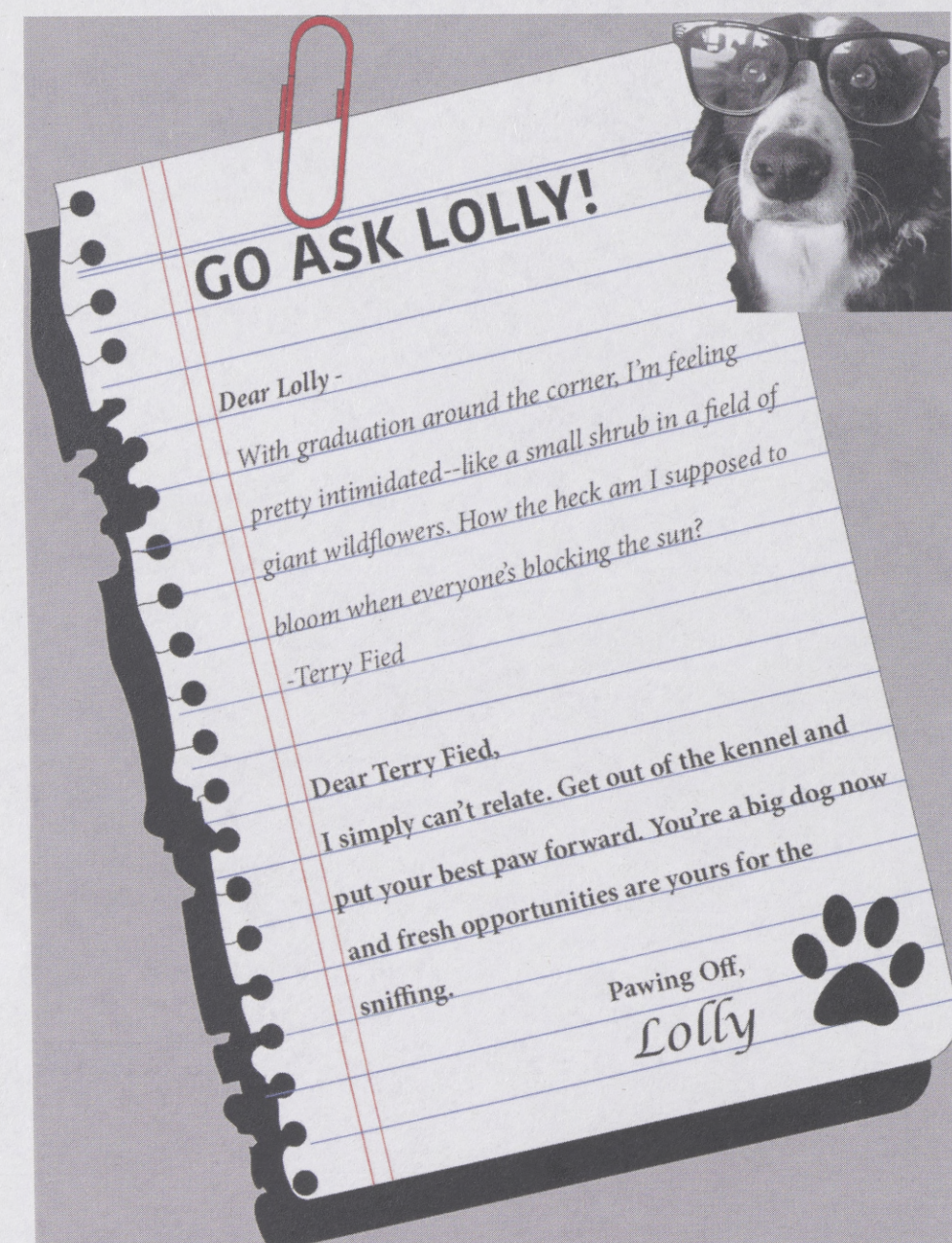
SOPHIE APPEL

THANKS TO

JEFF GUNDERSON

BECKY ALEXANDER

COLE SOLINGER



# ANNOUNCEMENTS!

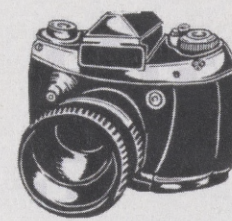
## COMMUNITY LAB DAY

WHEN: 12:30-4:30 EVERY FRIDAY

WHERE: THE PHOTO LAB



COFFEE, TEA, SNACKS, MUSIC  
CRITIQUES AND GUIDENCE



Always do right--this will gratify  
some and astonish the rest.

LINDSEY WHITE

## TAKE NOTE NO. 3

HEY EVERYONE!

For all the new students out there, I am Alex Rodriguez (they/them/theirs). I'm a third year New Genres major/Sculpture minor, and the Chair of Student Alliance (SA). As the Spring semester settles in, the SA representatives, faculty and I have been making the effort to inform students of SA and what how it contributes to your SFAI experience. I want this issue of Take Note to be dedicated towards clarity about Student Alliance.

Just to be flat out honest, your money goes toward our (Student Alliance's) budget. Every single student pays a \$35 activity fee, and that is our budget. When there are more students than expected, Student Alliance has a bigger budget, and when there are less expected students, we have an even smaller budget. Now that that's out there, I'm a firm believer of knowing where your money is going and how it's being used.

If you want control of where your \$35 goes, you have the opportunity to create event/show proposals, as well as proposing materials for clubs. Student Alliance helped contribute to Love Train (music/art show planned by 2 undergraduates), and this money can be going towards more events that get our artwork out in the Bay Area scene, as well as our school campus. Student Alliance also funds the food for many meetings, like the department meetings, and contributes to campus wide events like our halloween parties and petting zoo.

Not only is Student Alliance good for proposal writing, public speaking and event preparation, but it is a great way to easily learn about what students are going through in SFAI. We talk about issues with facilities, great opportunities with shows that we would love to progress, we update each other on events throughout all department areas, and we hold Town Hall meetings.

If you're interesting in coming to just hear what we are talking about and learn about the possibilities you have with Student Alliance, we meet every Tuesday from noon to 1pm in the MCR (room next to the Cafe). Our next meeting is Tuesday the 19th of February, since department meetings are happening the Tuesday of the 12th.

THANK YOU ALL FOR LISTENING.



## What's for sale?

with Jerry Jerry Eddy Eddy



For purchase inquiries:

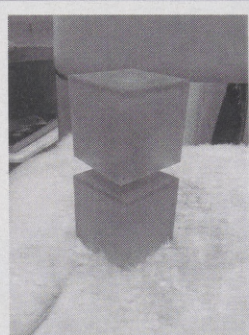
or if you want to just hang out sometime  
email: jerryjerryeddyeddy@gmail.com



### HOT WATER BOTTLE

PRICE - \$ 10.50

It's more than a hot water bottle, it's a warm hug. The size makes it best for a woman, but a small man might also enjoy it.



### AN UNUSUAL LAMP

PRICE - \$ 14.99

A really nice accent lamp for a side table, nightstand, or desk. It's the kind of lamp that will turn heads. You will have people wanting to know where you got the lamp, where they can find one like it. People will start to ask you if they can go shopping with you and be your friend because you have such good taste.



### BODY WASH (SLIGHTLY USED)

PRICE - \$ 7.99

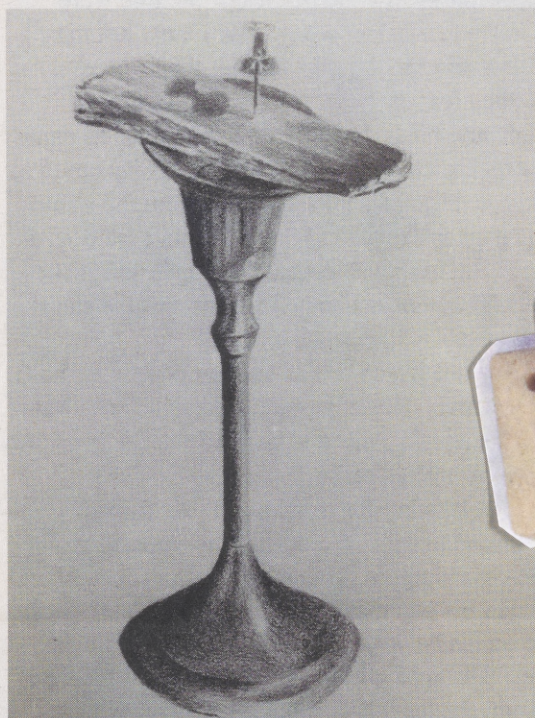
The truth is, I accidentally bought this body wash thinking that it was lotion. It's in almost perfect condition, like new. (FYI) I did remove the silver top layer, and I did put some on my leg before realizing it wasn't lotion. It smells really nice and I think it could last you up to three months depending on how regularly you like to shower.

CASH ONLY!

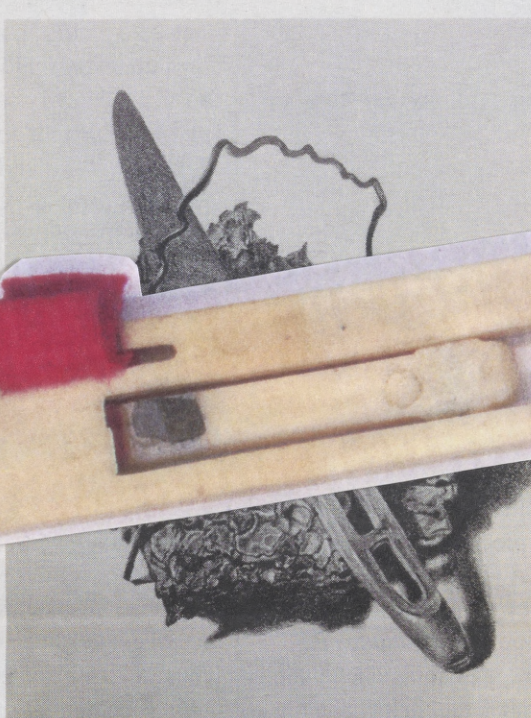
Do you have something you would like to list and sell?

• Email submissions to jerryjerryeddyeddy@gmail.com •

1



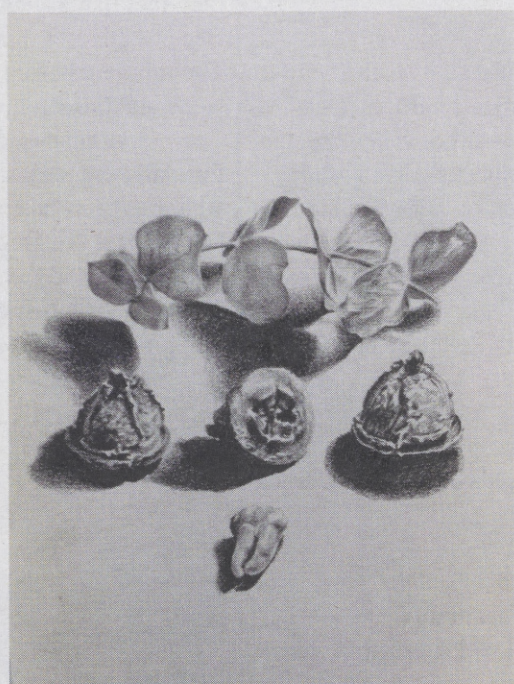
2



3



4



1 "ROYAL TACK", 7"x4", 3HRS

2 "STAB A HEART WITH A RUSTY KNIFE", 7"x4", 8HRS

3 "GIGGLING GOOP", 7"x4", 7HRS

4 "EUCALYPTUS TEETH", 7"x4", 5HRS

I have started to fill a sketchbook with timed still life drawings. Not only to practice drawing from life, but also to record the time that I spend drawing with myself. To try to answer the question that is probably on a lot of our minds, "why are we spending so much time making art?". Of course our art can (and sometimes should) have a strong concept that can change the way people view a certain topic, but as artists we should also work on self development. Do things that make you happy sometimes, like spend 10 hrs drawing. I encourage drawing/ painting still life's because they help develop technical and emotional skills.

KENNEDY MORGAN



KELLEN CHASUK

SCORE THE MOON ROCKS ACCORDINGLY

watch a man take his teeth out at IHOP bottomless coffee & any of those pink packets  
an afternoon alone will get my head straight, maybe a late afternoon radio program about how  
twenty one spinal gestures of love on what i would later find out was a blood altar  
cold fingers cold bedroom cold firehose help every elementary school sunday left  
bootleg movies in our mailbox  
-  
i always order to go & they let me stay shouting at my father & Bob Kaufman  
sober in a Wendy's  
the last patch of sand in Oakland  
-  
a cold only the sun could deal with a break from being whatever's in a bush, my own mouth  
there are at least three birds speaking market rate housing & flu season  
enough to make you  
-  
i record my Christmas song in August, get real drunk & even  
believe it October, the top of a tree  
sacrificial metals  
the stronger always eat

ERIC DOLAN



## COVER & PRIZE BY SOPHIA COOK

DEAREST FRIENDS,

HERE WE GO AGAIN!

BACK IN SCHOOL FOR THE SPRING SEMESTER! FOR SOME OF US IT IS OUR FIRST SEMESTER AND FOR SOME OF US IT WILL BE OUR LAST, BUT IT IS ONLY THE BEGINNING EITHER WAY.

THANK YOU ALL FOR SUBMITTING AND MAKING THE EYE POSSIBLE, WE COULD NOT DO IT WITHOUT YOU. THIS IS AN EXCITING ISSUE, WE RECIEVED MORE WRITING SUBMISSIONS THAN EVER BEFORE, SO SIT BACK AND ENJOY THE READ.

I HOPE EVERYONE IS OFF TO A GOOD START THIS SEMESTER, IS INSPIRED, FEELS SUPPORTED, HEARD, AND LOVED.

BELIEVE AND LISTEN TO YOUR FRIENDS! TAKE CARE OF ONE ANOTHER! KEEP EACHOTHER SAFE!

IT IS A CONFUSING ENOUGH TIME IN THE WORLD BUT TOGETHER WE CAN MAKE SOMETHING BEAUTIFUL, JUST IN THESE PAGES.

## THIS IS A NEWSPAPER

WITH LOVE,

SOPHIE ROSE APPEL

EDITOR

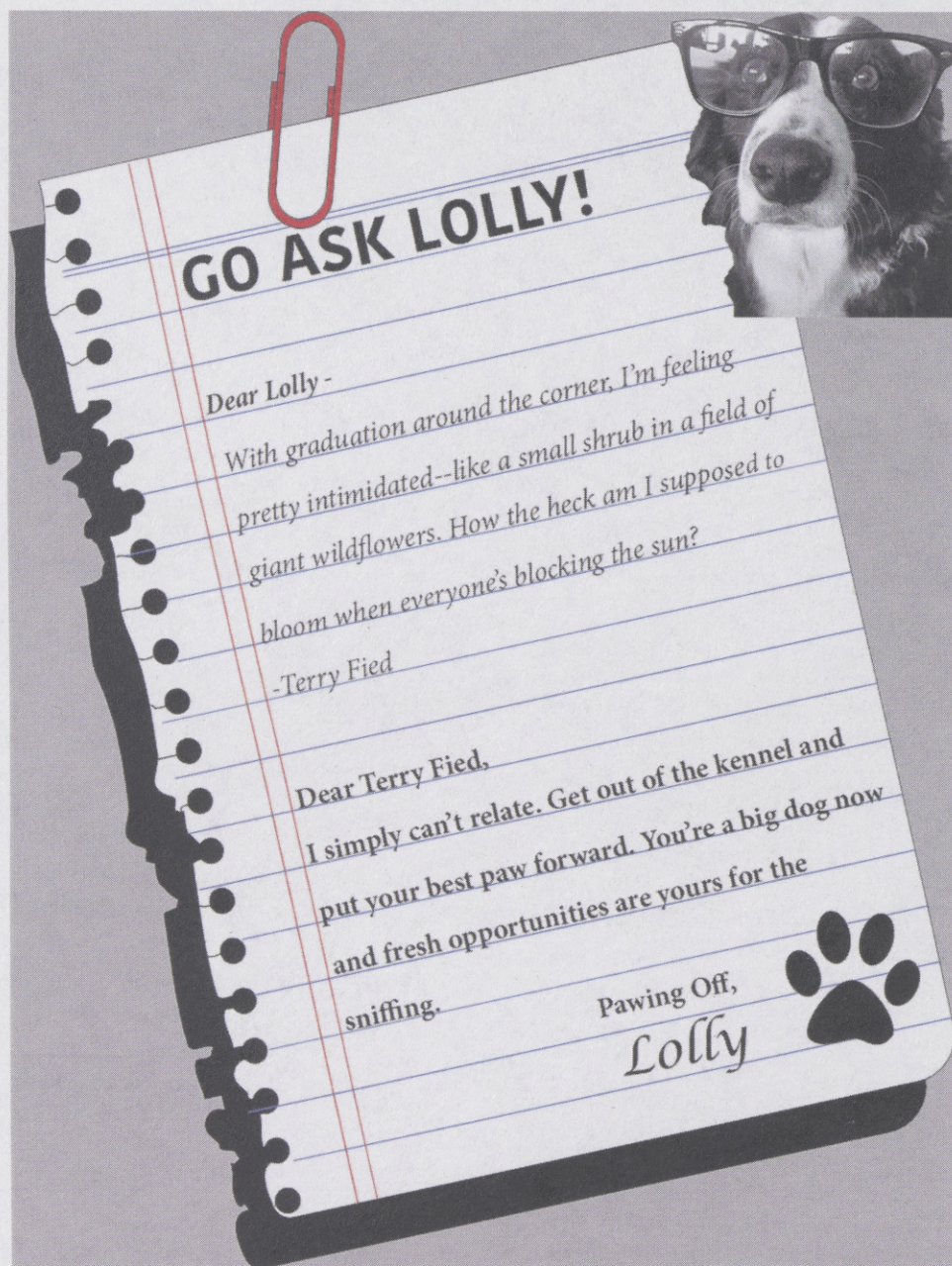
SOPHIE APPEL

THANKS TO

JEFF GUNDERSON

BECKY ALEXANDER

COLE SOLINGER



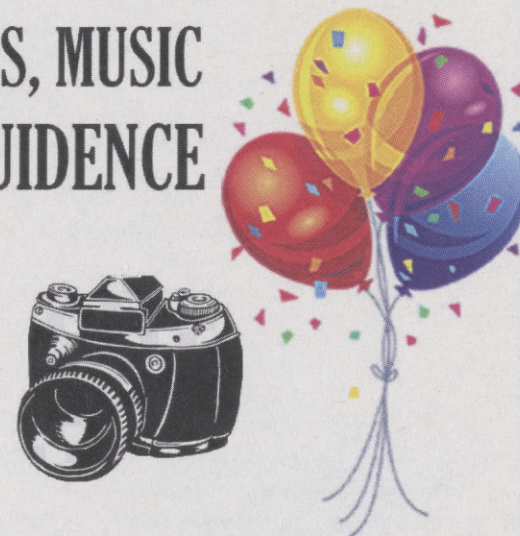
# ANNOUNCEMENTS!

## COMMUNITY LAB DAY

WHEN: 12:30-4:30 EVERY FRIDAY

WHERE: THE PHOTO LAB

COFFEE, TEA, SNACKS, MUSIC  
CRITIQUES AND GUIDENCE



YOUR APATHY IS BORING

...nt--this will gratify  
some ... astonish the rest.

LINDSEY WHITE

## TAKE NOTE NO. 3

HEY EVERYONE!

For all the new students out there, I am Alex Rodriguez (they/them/theirs). I'm a third year New Genres major/Sculpture minor, and the Chair of Student Alliance (SA). As the Spring semester settles in, the SA representatives, faculty and I have been making the effort to inform students of SA and what how it contributes to your SFAI experience. I want this issue of Take Note to be dedicated towards clarity about Student Alliance.

Just to be flat out honest, your money goes toward our (Student Alliance's) budget. Every single student pays a \$35 activity fee, and that is our budget. When there are more students than expected, Student Alliance has a bigger budget, and when there are less expected students, we have an even smaller budget. Now that that's out there, I'm a firm believer of knowing where your money is going and how it's being used.

If you want control of where your \$35 goes, you have the opportunity to create event/show proposals, as well as proposing materials for clubs. Student Alliance helped contribute to Love Train (music/art show planned by 2 undergraduates), and this money can be going towards more events that get our artwork out in the Bay Area scene, as well as our school campus. Student Alliance also funds the food for many meetings, like the department meetings, and contributes to campus wide events like our halloween parties and petting zoo.

Not only is Student Alliance good for proposal writing, public speaking and event preparation, but it is a great way to easily learn about what students are going through in SFAI. We talk about issues with facilities, great opportunities with shows that we would love to progress, we update each other on events throughout all department areas, and we hold Town Hall meetings.

If you're interesting in coming to just hear what we are talking about and learn about the possibilities you have with Student Alliance, we meet every Tuesday from noon to 1pm in the MCR (room next to the Cafe). Our next meeting is Tuesday the 19th of February, since department meetings are happening the Tuesday of the 12th.

THANK YOU ALL FOR LISTENING.



## What's for sale?

with Jerry Jerry Eddy Eddy



For purchase inquiries:

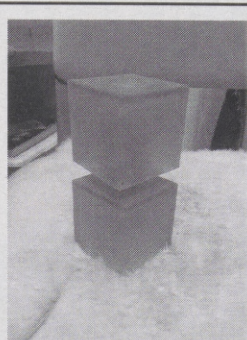
or if you want to just hang out sometime  
email: jerryjerryeddyeddy@gmail.com



### HOT WATER BOTTLE

PRICE - \$ 10.50

It's more than a hot water bottle, it's a warm hug. The size makes it best for a woman, but a small man might also enjoy it.



### AN UNUSUAL LAMP

PRICE - \$ 14.99

A really nice accent lamp for a side table, nightstand, or desk. It's the kind of lamp that will turn heads. You will have people wanting to know where you got the lamp, where they can find one like it. People will start to ask you if they can go shopping with you and be your friend because you have such good taste.



### BODY WASH

(SLIGHTLY USED)

PRICE - \$ 7.99

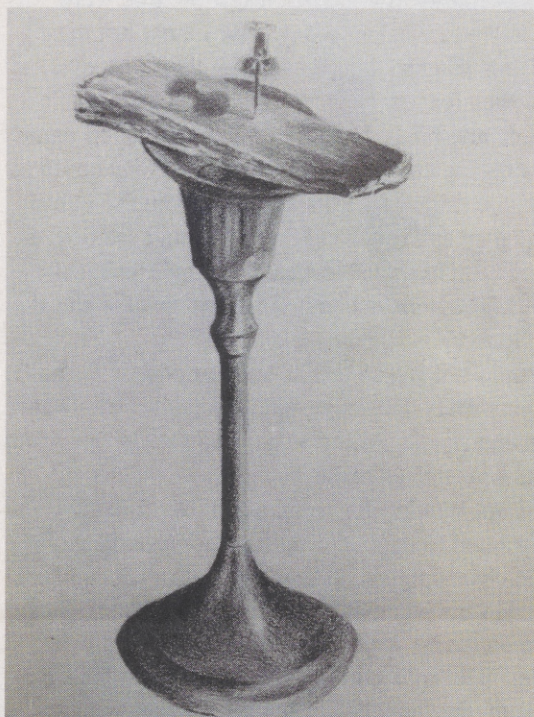
The truth is, I accidentally bought this body wash thinking that it was lotion. It's in almost perfect condition, like new. (FYI) I did remove the silver top layer, and I did put some on my leg before realizing it wasn't lotion. It smells really nice and I think it could last you up to three months depending on how regularly you like to shower.

CASH ONLY!

Do you have something you would like to list and sell?

• Email submissions to jerryjerryeddyeddy@gmail.com •

1



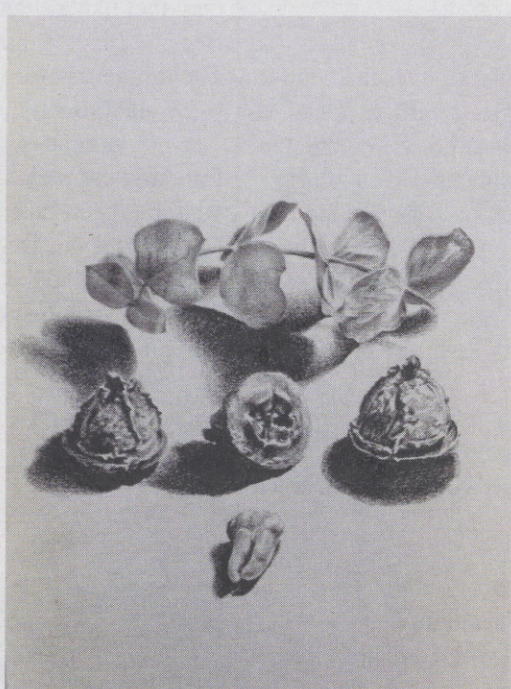
2



3



4



1 "ROYAL TACK", 7"X4", 3HRS

2 "STAB A HEART WITH A RUSTY KNIFE", 7"X4", 8HRS

3 "GIGGLING GOOP", 7"X4", 7HRS

4 "EUCALYPTUS TEETH", 7"X4", 5HRS

I have started to fill a sketchbook with timed still life drawings. Not only to practice drawing from life, but also to record the time that I spend drawing with myself. To try to answer the question that is probably on a lot of our minds, "why are we spending so much time making art?". Of course our art can (and sometimes should) have a strong concept that can change the way people view a certain topic, but as artists we should also work on self development. Do things that make you happy sometimes, like spend 10 hrs drawing. I encourage drawing/ painting still life's because they help develop technical and emotional skills.

KENNEDY MORGAN



KELLEN CHASUK

SCORE THE MOON ROCKS ACCORDINGLY

watch a man take his teeth out at IHOP bottomless coffee & any of those pink packets  
an afternoon alone will get my head straight, maybe a late afternoon radio program about how  
twenty one spinal gestures of love on what i would later find out was a blood altar  
cold fingers cold bedroom cold firehose help every elementary school sunday left  
bootleg movies in our mailbox  
-  
i always order to go & they let me stay shouting at my father & Bob Kaufman  
sober in a Wendy's  
the last patch of sand in Oakland  
-  
a cold only the sun could deal with a break from being whatever's in a bush, my own mouth  
there are at least three birds speaking market rate housing & flu season  
enough to make you  
-  
i record my Christmas song in August, get real drunk & even  
believe it October, the top of a tree  
sacrificial metals  
the stronger always eat

ERIC DOLAN



### Thoughts on this Transition

to do: gaze into dark water, help a friend  
wonder not what is left to mend  
eyes of sureness with no beginning  
and no end

susceptible to truth, and anonymous multiplicity  
the eldest of our youth, an acceptable frigidity

if we do hopelessly wonder  
how our words can be heard  
the same as they're said

remember this heartbeat, remember this bed  
how steady, how heavy  
this breath, how slow  
nearly dead

I had a thought, now fully escaping  
holding blue stones and awaiting, mistaking  
nothing and no one,  
eyes of sureness with no end  
nor beginning

Seraphina Perkins

### Piano Boy

1

Karen's husband won't be home for another hour, if not two. When the shower grows cold, she turns it off and sits in the tub listening to the water drain through the pipes. She recalls a scene from a film that her husband—Mark is his name—brought home the previous week. In the dead of night, a nude woman, hugely pregnant, wanders through rooms where there are rosebushes, dozens, in terracotta pots. Holding her stomach, she clips a pink rose with a pair of scissors. She smells it. Then she eats it. She pours wine from a decanter into a crystal glass, dips each petal, and eats it. Returning to bed, she drapes her elbow over her mouth so that the man sharing her bed won't detect the odor of flowers on her breath.

If I'm meant to understand this, Karen thinks, why isn't it clear?

Karen knows that her husband's lover sent the film. She understands that it was an annunciation. That much, at least, is clear. I know about you, the lover is saying. Now, know about me. There is a painting in a gallery Karen visits, a girl on a daybed, staring at the floor, a man sleeping behind her, his face in her neck. Karen sometimes imagines Mark and his lover as this painting. She hears music. A high voice singing along to a piano. It travels up through the pipes from the apartment below. A girl. No, a little boy. She lowers her ear to the drain. He is singing "Let It Be." Fine, Karen thinks. I can understand that. And she tries to. She tries, the shower dripping on her head. But in the end all she thinks of is a kid at a piano pressing its pedals with his socked feet. Dark room. Narrow shoulders. Pale, uncombed hair. She imagines that someone is painting her right now. The bathtub is very deep. Her spine ticks down her back like a zipper.

2

Rolling over in bed, she realizes that the boy and his piano has waked her. He is playing "Let It Be" again. The piano must be against this wall, one floor down. She places her hand on the wall, and can feel sound in it. They are new tenants, new this month, the boy and his mother. Behind her, Mark sighs through his nose, touches her back, then moves his hand to her waist. Pressing on the wall, she eases her back into his chest until their bodies fit like spoons—a teaspoon and a soup spoon, misfiled in a cutlery drawer. When he gets to the guitar solo, the boy goes wild. She imagines him tossing his head, then bearing down on the keyboard. His playing is too good, too old. She imagines his hands—white, long-fingered, too old. I should bring them a fruit basket, Karen thinks. Or a cake. He'd prefer a cake. Though dawn broke an hour ago, the sky is dark and wet-looking. It won't snow. We're past snow, she thinks. We might get freezing rain again. We might get sleet.

That's a nice thing about weather, she thinks. After snow, you get sleet. After sleet, rain. After rain, growth. After blossoms, after fruit, after seeds and blazing leaves, after snow and a long, long sleep, sleet returns, rattling its keys: You missed me, didn't you? Behind her, Mark sighs through his nose and moves his hand to her breast. No, the lover's breast.

3

The little boy tells Karen he can't accept the cake because his mother is unconscious. That is the word he uses. He speaks to Karen through an open window. When she asks if they should call the hospital, he assures her that this is normal. After four o'clock, particularly in bad weather, his mother is often unconscious. He cannot be older than ten. When Karen asks if he's sure about the cake, he replies, if he accepts it, the cake will tell on him. Then he asks what kind of cake. He inclines his head and peers at her for a moment. "You don't look evil," he says. "Would you take a test?" He ducks out of the window and returns holding a horseshoe that he passes through the window to her. He wants to know if she feels anything. "Iron drives away witches and evil spirits," he says. "So I guess you're okay."



As he eats the cake, Karen asks him why he always plays "Let It Be." You expect sagacity in child prodigies. It's unfair to them, but you do. She hopes he'll say something serene and gnomic, maybe about coping. He says it makes him feel like Elton John. "But Elton John wasn't a Beatle," Karen says. Yes, he knows who Elton John is.

As he hands back the plate, he asks Karen's opinion on whether or not the earth is a projectile. He clarifies: "Like a grenade," he says. "Like we're God's grenade?"

4

Mark still isn't home. It's long past midnight. Maybe he and the lover are napping together. What they dream, Karen can't imagine, but she is sure he seldom dreams of her. If he does, it is only because his dreams require someone to hide from. She gets out of bed, finds a sweater in the closet—never mind pants. She goes into the kitchen and takes a pint of ice cream from the freezer and eats a spoonful or two but this doesn't work: her thoughts won't leave her alone. In a few hours, the sun will rise and shave this night from the rest of her life. Somewhere, there's a stack of these nights, piled like lunchmeat on a piece of wax paper. Lunchmeat nights. God. She steps onto the back porch, barefoot in her sweater, and walks down the steps into the yard. The crust on the snow supports her weight. Because she wants the pint to last as long as the night, she holds each spoonful of ice cream in her mouth until it melts. When her feet prick, she sits on the ice—the crust holds. Her skin begins to burn, so she lies on her back. Her sweater is thick and protects her. She knocks the crust of ice with her head until it breaks. Before long, she gets a headache. It cancels the pain in her stomach. It cancels every pain. She is not as stupid as everyone believes. Surely I am not the only one. Surely this is happening all over the country. She turns her head and looks into the Levine-Adler's yard, half-expecting Levine or Adler to be doing the same thing—if not ice cream, pie; if not pie, brownies; if not brownies, Twix—half-expecting Mr. Holiday in the yard next to hers, Mrs. Keller in the corner lot, on her other side, James, Alison, Father Brown, each in his or her own yard and all of them butt-naked and snacking and looking to the sky for the stars to confirm, yes, even pieces of heaven fall.

God, let it be happening all over the country. Let it be happening to just one other person.

The wind blows grains of ice into her eyes. She puts her hands over her face and digs the back of her head deeper into the snow. She hears the sound of her own blood. She hears windows, hundreds of windows, crack at once deep in the frozen ground.

5

"It's yours," the boy says. "You left it in the snow last night."

Karen takes the spoon from him. It is plain and heavy and, yes, it is hers. She holds it by the neck between two fingers.

"I washed it for you," he says. "With Ajax. It kills 99.9% of bacteria."

She puts it into the pocket of her skirt. "I'm out of cake," she says. "Would you like cereal?" "I kind of have some questions."

"Would you like to come in and have cereal while you ask them?" She opens the door all the way and he looks inside, rising on his toes so that he can see what's on the table, the counter, the shelves.

"This looks a normal person's apartment," he says.

As he eats, he asks if there is something wrong with her.

"No," she says. "I was hot last night. It was hot in here."

"You could've opened a window."

"That's true."

"Why weren't you wearing pants?"

"I had pants."

"I saw you. You did not have pants. You had a sweater on and no pants."

Thaw is creeping northward, like water up a hem. Outside, there's a cold mist—a freezing rain day, nothing falling yet—and a sound that, for an instant, Karen believes came from within her. But no. It's geese. The geese are back. The geese are returning to Canada. "Did it help?" the boy asks.

In a different part of town, Mark's lover climbs the stairs to her apartment, having sat through dawn in the park that overlooks the river. It's been a long time since she liked any music, and even reading has soured for her. But she still likes translating.



ASHLYN FORBES

As she sits in the dark of her room, curtains drawn against the morning, she finishes the final lines of Pyramus and Thisbe. She thinks about the mulberry tree—how the berries of the tree were once like pearls. How warm and bright a day it was, how hot the earth underfoot. How birds sang in the tree so long their voices failed and they became they leaves; how a wind blew until the leaves took flight and became birds. How a girl in a white veil came to the tree—the veil is crucial, and the color—and how, you could say, it all came down to the thirst of a lioness, fresh from the hunt. The boy found the veil, gory and torn, and the girl found the boy, a hole in his heart. The tree found their blood and gorged until its berries purpled and swelled. The lioness had no idea the trouble she'd caused: she was just a lioness.

The lover wishes she could tell Karen this story, and others. Perhaps, if she told Karen enough stories, Karen would understand what they all meant together as group and explain it to her and finally everyone would be able to say, "Oh. That makes sense."

That night, the boy will not looking for sense at all, but for symmetry, what he's been trained to execute at the piano: repetition, the heart of all thematic development. This is why, after his mother blacks out, he will leave in his pajamas and creep to a far corner of the yard where he'll lie on his back behind a bush, in a puddle of ice, and hum "Let It Be." The cold will take over his limbs first. Because his pajamas are thin, the ice will scratch his skin as he trembles more and more violently, and he will bleed a little as forgetfulness snacks on his mind. Near the end, he will feel his whole skin burn, but he will resist the urge to tear off his pajamas even when they feel like a sheath of fire.

Because his last thought will not be of his body engulfed in flames. The moment before he closes his eyes, the stars will appear to break loose and descend, streaking toward him in a rain of pure light.

Grenades. God's grenades.

For darkness almost always takes something away, and dawn reveals what has been taken.

But night is hours off yet.

"I hear you, too," he says to Karen. "Through the ceiling. Like a ghost but with feet and solid all the way through. It doesn't scare me, I like hearing you. That's fine, right?"

MEREDITH MARTINEZ



EVAN PETTIGLIO





W I N T E R  
R U N W A Y  
2 0 1 8

PHOTOS BY  
SIDONIE RODDAM



1-31-19  
 proceed as the kind of person who's great  
 at first  
 and New York is the city that teaches  
 you to forget easy  
 no man's one land  
 just rats and their prophets  
 the Lincoln Center Fountain  
 won't freeze because  
 chlorine  
 which put me in the hospital  
 once in grade school  
 we couldn't reach my parents  
 an ear shag blend found its way to  
 Manhattan and up my nose into my  
 eyes the first snowstorm of the season  
 mid-November the sky is slate-gray  
 I brought white envelopes in Greenwich  
 Village and  
 her body is soft and her  
 body is warm I felt it all last night  
 with the lack of my  
 wretched hands  
 by the light of an orange salt lamp



COLLEEN DONOVAN

My damp bangs slosh on my brow, and I grow anxious, the condensation isn't my sweat. It is from the freezing rain, as the red doors to the bar draw closer, I shiver. My perspective has been momentarily warped as the distracting whips of light blond hair cut my view. Like a quantum particle, my destination disappears and reappears out of what should be a straight forward image in front of me. I wonder if I would have the same terrible taste if I were heterosexual. This whole situation messes with my depth of field, in the same way, my priorities are all jumbled up. Hello to another futile attempt. As I touch my fingers to the cold nob, I remember that I am too sober for this shit. There is no one out front smoking. I stop, rolling my eyes back as if working myself into a trance, if not just to get a break from my own forcibly jaded gaze. "HAH!" I laugh loudly, one would have to be crazy or "on one" to put themselves in these messes again and again... coming to her rescue over and over, but if it's not her, it's someone else. As I touch the chilled, wet handle again I pause for a moment, adjusting my breathing. Pacing my feelings of anticipation, the feeling I always get before walking into the musty old dive bar. I feel a sick rush of power picking up the pieces of her broken life. My wrists turn and shiver more, and the door swings open.

Sure enough, the first face I see is a familiar one. The male smiles almost immediately upon my arrival "Looking for T?" says Jamie the Bartender. Jamie is partially blind in one eye, he cocks his head and bobs it slightly as if sizing me up. He usually doesn't do this with me, he knows my face and distinctive style, namely my chartreuse windbreaker and my home depot orange hoodie. Today it's neither. No one else in the bar cares enough to ask him about his 16-year-old daughter. The whiskey sour in his hand spills slightly as he sets the glass in front of a honey bleached blond with a fake tan. She looks about 50. I nod almost forgetting to answer, "Yup" I add, and he gestures to the hidden bend of the bar. Cowboy boots and striped keloidal arm dangle off the edge where the horizon might be. My heart is thumping, and for some reason the fan above me is blasting at the top of my hair, messing it up but drying it at the same time. I walk up to the chasm unsure of what I know I am going to find. Her breath like a zip tie, jagged bumps pulling me closer until it is too late, and I am too close. She only exhales what she can't keep it makes her lungs full, even when she is relaxed. For all the things she does, that causes her to feel filed she sits alone, undigested, at a barstool, looking like leftovers. She is wasted.

"Melissa?" She calls me. "No" I stated stiffly. I lean towards her face on the bar to be at eye level. Tonight, like so many nights her eyes had taken form as unpainted slits. Pink on the inside, I can barely see any bottom lashes despite the thick and curly black mane that lives on top of her head. "Tierra," Unrelated to her mistake, I slap her face a little to open her eyes, "It's not Melissa, It's Mikayla..." Melissa is her ex-girlfriend who was also unacknowledged and taken for granted. Melissa is 34. Tierra is 22 and racking up the DUI's the way a 5th grader wants braces just to look older. She calls herself free, but if freedom is defined by lack, she doesn't lack mountain air or lovers. Tierra is always fighting against herself, as well as others, as well as me. She also accidentally fucks men when she is too wasted to give consent. It makes me see through a lens of rosacea cheeks. She forgets everything, but I don't. Maybe that is why she fights me. I lift her up by the shoulders after staring at her for what other people might deem to be too long. Her greasy hair smells like barley and isopropyl. I am afraid that people in the bar want to advantage of her. It makes me angry.

Outside we stumble across the wet pavement. Tierra breaks away from my grip wildly and spins to the ground in the middle of the intersection. "The rain fairies came!" she shouts belligerently "I was praying to them earlier" she explains while she lays on the wet ground. I go with it, wanting to let go more, I spout back "Oh yeah? I love the rain fairies!" She points at me, "You are a rain fairy!" I laugh at the serious tone to the conversation and her genuine assertion. "What are you then?" I inquire. This is like talking to a little kid. I feel like I am traveling back into the strata of some tumultuous psychology. "NO!" she shouts, "I am an earth gnome" I consider this new information and nod somberly as I process "Yes, I can see that." Plopping down next to her I touch her hair and her wet forehead. My hand inches down her face which is scrunching, eyes closed under some unknown entity. I watch her chest moving slowly and want to rest my head. I am immediately disgusted with myself. I love you, I think loudly. She opens her eyes "Do I look like a fairy to you?" She asks, glaring at me incredulously. "I am sorry... would that be such a bad thing?" I ask with a smile, "After all, I am one, aren't I?" I stand up and straddle her legs and extend my hand down. I don't feel much like a fairy being responsible for this luggage. "Let's get out of the road, we are not gonna be squished, not on my watch."

I throw her barely conscious body into the breathalyzer ignition protected van. It is a coffee water brown. The cup holder is full of pennies and rock with an apology note tied to it, one that I gave to her. My black hoodie covered arms flex under her head weight as I try to set her up straight in the passenger seat. I manage to get the door closed. "I want fries," she states. "In and out is closed, T." She drums her fingers on the dashboard and swings her head towards me. "I love you," she says her right eye is slightly crossed. She leans into me, and I can feel her hot breath, more like hot air. I keep her at arm's length so that she doesn't get any closer. I know if she does no matter how drunk she is I will be stuck, her mouth locked in mine. My hand is running through her thick loose curls. My hands traveling down the length of her torso and in one fluid moment I would be on top of her begging to be suffocated by her carbon dioxide, I would want more. She smells rich and thick like fertile soil and barley. She feels like something I want to be planted inside. I want to cover myself in her, buried under a thin layer of her Mulch. Tierra, Tierra means earth and I want to build a life on her, even if she is unstable. I want her to give birth to my children and name them hippie names and allow them to play in the mud the way I never got to. To develop robust immune systems and catch the chicken pox before they acquire the measles. I want to produce something pure for this world, some un-fuckable, badass children. These things I see in her don't represent actuality. I see something rich, dark and dense like a chocolate cake, mud pie. In the rain, I wanted her to spill wetness all over me uncontrollably, healed from damage and unharmed. I wanted to feel the fluidity of my moment pressing into her; imprinting. Her hips are more extensive than mine. I want to feel her, fuck her. I know I have let her down. I left her alone once when she was vulnerable. Or was it somebody else before me? I have been patient! I feel her resistance and then a release the same she looks for in the drinks. I want to do it, just between the two of us, indulge in life and feel the neural pathways tingling as we become enmeshed into each other's skin; blending shapes, shapes that I love so much.

I move my face into the breathalyzer. "Shut up, T," I say, starting the ignition. I am staring at the gritty rain in front of me, "I don't take those words lightly." I drive her home first, that way my heart can break when I am alone.

MIKAYLA MAYS

FIGUROSITY

THE ULTIMATE  
TOOL FOR ARTISTS

FIGUROSITY.COM



FREDI LOPEZ



With vetiver palms,  
 Planes fly by with secret messages on strings.  
 Buildings melt silhouettes,  
 clouds drop mercury bombs.  
 The reflections smile back.

- T.ORMSBY



HI SAN FRANCISCO



ISABEL SCHÖBER

## DIMENSION 20

BOOM!

Right after the explosion, we fell into a deep black hole, one that nobody saw coming, because we were blinded. Our bodies expanded as if some invisible ropes were stretching them from our extremities. Suddenly yin and yang collapsed, the independent yet dependent black and white holes were merging, both yin and yang got their holes back.

We called this dimension twenty because we have to name it in order to make it exist, or at least we had to in dimension three. Now, here in dimension twenty, it really doesn't matter.

Considering the years we spent on that planet we used to live in, commonly known as Earth, it is actually a good thing we got here.

In this dimension, we have memories of a past life and we wonder if we still have something we used to call "soul." Are we new souls that have past memories? We feel like we have experienced almost everything, and that is extremely sad and annoying. Who would like to live in a world where there is nothing new to be experienced? How good is it to ignore the future and what is hidden from us? How good is it to get one disappointment after another?

But still, there are quite a few new things here in dimension twenty to be experienced. We communicate through numbers and pictograms. I actually never liked the alphabet. That rational language where everything we saw or heard was arranged in letters someone made up. How clueless and disconnected from nature was that? Instead, now we draw things and we keep numbers alive because they're faster and save priceless time.

We sleep awake, we live asleep, and we don't eat. We don't have sex as we used to. I know this sounds bad, yet we never starve. We never overeat. We get what we need through our pores. They feed us, giving us as much food as we need. When we encounter someone as hungry as us, we feed each other through our pores, sharing our food, our sex, our souls. I'm walking by the street and suddenly I stop, I realize there is another wandering soul whose pores stare at mine. We know what we want. Everyone around becomes yang, dark yang, making us light. Time stops. We are invisible, we always were, but now we are no longer concerned. We enjoy this isolation, this solitude, feeding each other, pore by pore.

BLANCA BERCIAL

## "IN AND AROUND THE NEIGHBORHOOD"

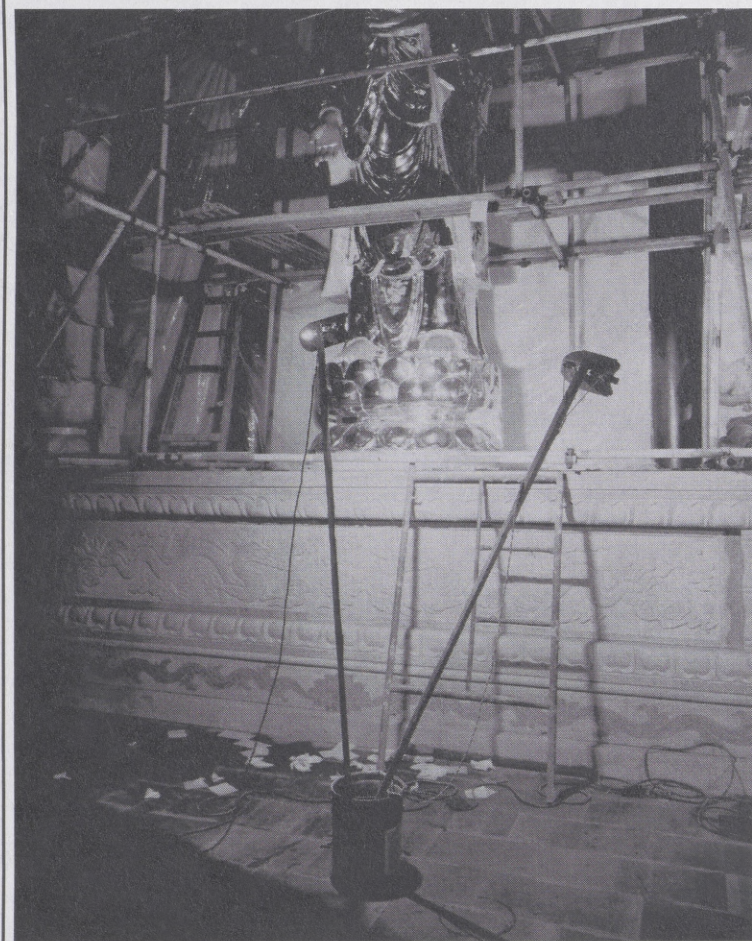


These four images are from a larger body of work titled, "In and Around the Neighborhood" which is a near-documentary photography project that sets out to explore ideas surrounding color theory and composition in our everyday world. All of these images have been digitally manipulated in some way or another in order to highlight form, color, texture and shape. These photographs are seemingly depicting the mundane everyday, however, in actuality, none of these images captured the world as it was presented to me. I am constantly looking for new individuals to participate in this project, so If anyone is interested, please send me an email at: cpollard3886@artists.sfai.edu.

COLLIN POLLARD

How to write a novel \_ be mad i am mad i am covered in mac n cheese sauce i remember the corner of my love i feel hot like dying bodies sweating out my memories as i sit and listen to anne carson who victoria seems to like very much. I feel a sense of emptiness as the carbohydrates pump my heart is pumping blood now and i feel a wet noodle on the floor from my hasty shoveling of mac n cheese into my mouth. I am waiting for love by pushing my stomach out, my waist band further i will find love if there is more of me to catch or bump into. Maybe she will bump into my belly and forgive my clunking feet for time to rest in silence. I am not a grown up. I am a child in the body of a rapidly expanding universe. There is no awareness in my body except pleasure and when pleasure is absent i feel a gape. I feel that is all there is. The massive sensation of feeling in love and knowing it will be unrequited and possibly abhorred and the fantasy of a time when love was seen as soft and necessary is forgone in a machine of commercial work. A soft body does not function well in a I taste metal now as i listen to anne carson's soft measure and she speaks of her father with dementia. His character goes but she sees him act out his life. I see a similarity. My neck feels tight i feel as though i can not drink enough water. I feel a sharp divergence between the little girl who would like approval and the budding individual and the stuck ball of pleasure. I wonder if I will turn gaseous and bloat into thin air. It is a possibility when I eat so much and drink so little that I will just expand into a molecular cloud . puff . i feel i should be a lot of things for a lot of different people and like a woman who has been on birth control her whole adult life i feel like i have been under the influence of other's opinions my whole life. So when it is time to break and be my own person, i feel my personality choke up and i loosen it with alcohol or nicotine or a wildly inappropriate gesture. Like falling in love. But it isn't love. It is fantasy. In order to function every day fantasies are necessary. But we should drop them or maybe not, maybe we keep them playing as we live. We do not stop breathing during the day, why would we stop fantasizing? Doesn't our ability to abstract make us human?

SOFIA FARRAH



"untitled"

MENGJIAO ZHANG



<https://vimeo.com/309774700>



In Ode to My Fiorenzo,

The brightest heart I have ever known. The strongest love I have had the privilege to experience. I think of you, and time shifts. A moment on fire. I think of the places you may be now, maybe you are the face of an unyielding mountain. Maybe you are a tireless wave. Maybe you are an impossible blazing star. Maybe you are a new strand of hair forever unable to fall from the root of my head. I think of where you'd rest, if you rest. Nowhere to see a sunset without feeling the burn of you. A world now where I exist in puzzlement on my knees; to have ever known something as pure as you. To have been whisked away, shot so directly into the night sky; I move in moments of barely bearable yearning. Skies like charcoal, my heart a lagoon, and the future the sound of the same four chords I play as my siren song, calling to you night after night

I beg for a haunt  
I wait for the laugh  
I think and think and think and think of you  
Maybe I'll go to church

the sun wrapped in olive skin,  
painted with thick black hair, accented with enveloping blinks and blushes  
genuine attempts at unraveling the trials of a world you shrunk  
and bloomed at

Somebody with a cello says,  
It's not painful to learn something  
If you do it incrementally  
It will take a lifetime to learn the pain of your absence,  
And, I will survive you,  
Incrementally

Mi manchi sempre, amore mio  
Ti amo tantissimo  
Yours,  
Pitzinnedda  
RIP the love of my life, Fiorenzo Pira 1992-2018

The national suicide prevention line is: 1-800-273-8255  
The san francisco hot line is: (415) 781-0500

In Ode a mio Fiorenzo,

Il cuore più luminoso che abbia mai conosciuto. L'amore più forte che ho avuto il privilegio di sperimentare. Penso a te, e il tempo cambia. Un momento in fiamme. Penso ai posti in cui potresti essere ora, forse sei la faccia di una montagna inflessibile. Forse sei un'onda instancabile. Forse sei una stella ardente e impossibile. Forse sei una nuova ciocca di capelli per sempre incapace di cadere dalla radice della mia testa. Penso a dove ti riposerai, se riposi. Da nessuna parte per vedere un tramonto senza sentire la bruciatura di te. Un mondo ora dove esisto in perplessità sulle mie ginocchia; avere mai conosciuto qualcosa di puro come te. Per essere stato portato via, sparato così direttamente nel cielo notturno; Mi muovo nei momenti di desiderio a malapena sopportabile. Cieli come carbone, il mio cuore una laguna, e il futuro il suono degli stessi quattro accordi che suonano come la mia canzone delle sirene, che ti chiama notte dopo notte

Imploro per un ritrovo  
Aspetto la risata  
Penso e penso e penso e penso a te  
Forse andrò in chiesa

il sole avvolto nella pelle olivastra,  
dipinto con folti capelli neri, accentati con lampi e arrossamenti avvolgenti  
autentici tentativi di sbrogliare le prove di un mondo che si è ristretto  
e fiorito a

Qualcuno con un violoncello dice,  
Non è doloroso imparare qualcosa  
Se lo fai in modo incrementale  
Ci vorrà una vita per imparare il dolore della tua assenza,  
E sopravviverò a te,  
incrementale

Mi manchi sempre, amore mio  
Ti amo tantissimo  
Il tuo,  
Pitzinnedda  
RIP l'amore della mia vita, Fiorenzo Pira 1992-2018

La linea nazionale di prevenzione del suicidio è: 1-800-273-8255  
La linea diretta di San Francisco è: (415) 781-0500

BRIDGETT MAGYAR